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What a Dying Woman Saw of Heaven

DEAR FRIENDS:

I AM filled with joy and inspiration. I must write and tell you a little of my joy, that you may rejoice with me. For the first time in the history of "David Schneder Hoy Memorial Hospital" every bed is occupied, with the exception of one in the private room for foreigners. We have nineteen beds on the first floor, where the surgical patients are cared for. The second floor has eighteen beds, where we treat the medical patients. We probably average one foreign patient a year.

HOW A TAILOR REPAYS

Among the patients in the hospital we have a tailor who in return for his medical treatment is making clothes for the patients and nurses. Two other patients

(one of them a beggar) are able to help the washerman in the laundry. Then there are others who do little odd jobs in the wards to help the nurses. Our present force of nurses numbers eight; five of them are Christians and the other three are faithful workers and interested in the doctrine.

Need for Woman's Hospital

We have dispensary open three afternoons a week; each day we see from seventy-five to eighty-five patients; we see the women first, they average about thirty. What I have told you is very encouraging in the men's hospital. Alas, I wish I were able to say the same of the woman's hospital. We have a room about eight by seventeen feet in which we have treated, during the winter of 1912-13, thirteen women, four of these were obstetrical cases. At present writing we have a woman with a broken arm and a little beggar girl who was brought here a few weeks ago with twelve to fifteen shot wounds in the abdomen and arm (left side). She lived in a little outhouse and as she came out she was shot, some say by accident, and others say two men used her as a target.

She does not know her name, nor age. She is about ten years old. She was

cast away by her parents a few years ago. Besides the shot wounds, her intestines were infected with the parasite that sometimes troubles children at home, but out here renders life miserable for 80 per cent. of the total population.

The count was made up to 189. Some of the parasites were badly mangled by the small shot which passed through the bowels. We expect to keep and educate her and perhaps some day she will be able to do good work among her sisters. She is not a very lovable girl nor does she show a grateful spirit for what is being done for her, but we must not expect too much of her, for she has had no one to teach her any better. She has improved very much and we hope she will keep on improving. This room which we call our women's ward is about a block away from the men's hospital and certainly is anything but convenient. If I could give the same glowing accounts of our women's work as I did of the men's work (and I know I could if we had the building), for many are turned away for want of room, my joy would be inexpressible. I ask you, dear friends, to join me in my prayers for this much needed building.

Before I close my letter I must tell you of the wonderful vision that one of our women patients had on a Thanksgiving night. We called her Tsao Poh Poh (Poh Poh being a term used for the elderly woman of the lower class). She, her husband and girl of about twelve years were refugees and lived on a small boat, which was all they had. Her husband brought her to the dispensary, she was greatly emaciated and could hardly walk. I told her husband to leave her in the hospital and we would help all we could. He was willing. She was with us for some time, but was not gaining in strength. She was very much attached to one of the nurses (Miss Wang), who was also doing the evangelistic work among the women. She told her the story of the Saviour and how He loved her, that if she but believed, she should be saved. All her talks seemed to bear fruit. She always enjoyed evening prayers and when she was asked what hymn she would like to sing, she would always choose her favorite, "Jesus Loves Me." Instead of growing stronger she seemed to grow weaker and weaker. The nurses would often hear her sing softly, "Jesus Loves Me."

Thanksgiving Day we were all asked to Lakeside for dinner. It was a beautiful day, so we all went. All was well in the hospital. We returned about six in the evening, tired, for we walked both ways. About ten o'clock the nurse called, saying Tsao Poh Poh was dying. I went over and found her gasping for breath. We quickly took her bed to another room, thinking she would die before we could move her; they told me she was not very well all evening. Miss Wang and I sat by her bedside praying and waiting for the end. We waited one hour, two hours, thinking each breath would be the last until the end of the third hour, when she opened her eyes and said, "I want to go to heaven." Miss Wang said, "You can." She answered, "I was there, but a man dressed in white would not let me in." "Why not?" "He said the time had not yet come, wait a few days and I will come to receive you." "Oh!" she said, "it was so beautiful there."

She was so happy and told everybody her vision. We gave her some milk, then she told us to go to bed and that she was all right. We all retired and slept the rest of the night. Next morning her face shone with happiness as she was telling

every one of her vision. After this she seemed to be getting stronger and was able to sit in the chair. She continued singing her favorite hymn. But soon a change for the worse came. On Christmas morning, the day of the Saviour's birth, while the school children were caroling their Christmas carols on the compound, she went to sleep to awake in that beautiful home she had seen a short time before. Yours in His service.

ALICE E. TRAUB.

Yochow City, China.

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